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year. That is something less than our new army and new navy will cost us the coming year. But it is more than double the amount of our annual army and navy expenses prior to 1898. A war with a first-class military power, like England or Germany, would cost us from three to five times as much per year as the Spanish-Philippine conflict has done.

In estimating the cost of a war one must always take into account the interest on the debt created by the war, the loss to productive industries occasioned by it, and the subsequent expense of caring for those disabled. Our annual pension account since the Civil War and the interest on the debt contracted have amounted to more than double the total yearly outlays on both our army and navy establishments. The European nations have had, of course, much larger establishments, but the annual expense of maintaining these in recent years — \$1,200,000,000 — has only just equalled the yearly interest which they have been paying on their huge debt (mostly created by their wars) of \$30,000,000,000. To this must be added another \$1,200,000,000 yearly for the support of those whom war has left helpless.

If, therefore, you take the total final cost of wars, and compare it with the perpetual expenses of armaments going on year after year, the cost of war will probably always be the greater.

But armaments cannot be separated from war and their expense considered alone. They are a part of it and of its cost. They are often provocative of jealousies, hatred and conflict.

From this point of view, it would be perfectly just to add to their cost much of the expense of the actual fighting. On the other hand, they are themselves to a much greater extent the product of wars. The great armaments of Europe are directly due in large measure to the last four European wars, and to the hatreds and suspicions left by them. Our own present increase of the army and the navy is to be attributed in no small measure to the Spanish-Philippine war. From this point of view, the cost of armaments is a part of the cost of war itself. It is the tribute which we have to put into the cap of bloody Mars for the entertainment which he has given us while actually performing his grewsome dance.

War and armaments are inseparable parts of the same system. Each stimulates the other; each is dependent on the other. You cannot get rid of the one while you cultivate the other. Both must go together, or remain together to burden and curse and disgrace our civilization.

How We Ought to Behave Towards Other Nations.

The following recent utterance of Tolstoy on current patriotism, while not entirely expressing our own view, is in the main close to the truest possible expression on the a subject. A true Christian patriotism is, we think, possible.

One of the commonest sophisms used in defending immorality consists in wilfully confusing what is with what should be, and, having begun to speak of one thing, substituting another. This very sophism is employed above all in relation to patriotism. It is fact that to every Pole

the Pole is nearest and dearest; to the German, the German; to the Jew, the Jew; to the Russian, the Russian. It is even true that, through historical causes and bad education, the people of one nation instinctively feel aversion and ill-will to those of another. All this is so; but to admit it, like admitting the fact that each man loves himself more than he loves others, can in no way prove that it ought so to be. On the contrary, the whole concern of all humanity, and of every individual, lies in suppressing these preferences and aversions, in battling with them, and in deliberately behaving towards other nations and towards individual foreigners exactly as towards one's own nation and fellow countrymen. To care for patriotism as an emotion worthy to be cultivated in every man is wholly superfluous. God, or nature, has already, without our care, so provided for this feeling that every man has it; leaving us no cause to trouble about cultivating it in ourselves and others. We must concern ourselves, not about patriotism, but to bring into life that light which is within us; to change the character of life, and bring it nearer to the ideal which stands before us. That ideal, presented in our time before every man, and illumined with the true light from Christ, has not to do with the resuscitation of Poland, Bohemia, Ireland, Armenia; has not to do with the preservation of the unity and greatness of Russia, England, Germany, Austria; but, on the contrary, is concerned to destroy this unity and greatness of Russia, England, Germany, Austria, by the destruction of those force-maintained anti-Christian combinations called States, which stand in the way of all true progress and occasion the sufferings of oppressed and conquered nations; occasion all those evils from which contemporary humanity suffers. Such destruction is only possible through true enlightenment, resulting in the avowal that we, before being Russians, Poles, Germans, are men, the followers of one teacher, the children of one Father, brothers. Day by day this is understood by a greater and greater number of people throughout the whole world. So that the days of state violence are already numbered, and the liberation, not only of conquered nations, but of the crushed working people, is by this time near, if only we ourselves will not delay the time of liberation, by sharing with deed and word in the violent measures of governments. The approval of patriotism of any kind as a good quality, and the incitement of the people to patriotism, is a chief hindrance to the attainment of those ideals which rise before us.

LEO TOLSTOY.

Venezuela and Africa.

It is some comfort that we are gradually extricating ourselves from the Venezuelan mess. The protocols are signed, the blockade is raised, the captured warships are to be returned, and certain matters of detail are to be referred to The Hague. Mr. Balfour claims that his government has acted wisely throughout, but the result, even with £5,500 on account thrown in, suggests that the whole matter might well have been referred to The Hague long ago. As it is, however, friends of peace may congratulate themselves that the steady pressure of public opinion has accomplished something. Attention may now be turned to Africa. There is the expedition against the

Mullah—the mad expedition it may well be called. Mr. Balfour admits that it will be long and costly, and Reuter's correspondent suggests that it will be vain. He suggests, indeed, that we may as well hope to catch a will-'o-the-wisp as the Mullah. Then there is the campaign against Kano. The great trading centre of the Western Soudan has fallen into our hands, and three hundred of the "enemy" have been killed. What is the real reason for these operations? We had no trouble with Somaliland until it was transferred to the Foreign Office in 1898; since then we have had nothing but difficulty. The attack on the Emirs of Kano and Sokoto is even more to be condemned. These authorities were our friends in troubled times not long passed, when France and Germany were making efforts to secure a footing in Western Soudan. But the Colonial Office took the place of the Niger Company and our relations with the Emirs at once became strained. The fact is, we appear to be represented in these far-off regions by people who cannot suffer anything to come between the wind and their nobility. And there is the further fact that militarism dominates the present government. The services must have something to do, and if it can be pretended that we are opening "markets," so much the better. For then it will be possible to divert attention from home affairs, which, in Tory opinion, is a distinct gain. It is to be hoped that the opposition will have something effective to say on all these topics now that Parliament is sitting once more. But, in any case, friends of peace must be vigilant and untiring. — *The New Age, London.*

The Threat of War.

BY HERBERT N. CASSON.

Dark as the shadow of midnight,
Fiercer than Moloch or Thor,
Cruel as hell in its fury,
Looms the black demon of war.

Nearer with lash and with firebrand
Strides he with feet on the dead;
Red'ning with fire are the cities —
Red'ning with blood he has shed.

Scourge of the ignorant nations;
Hater of Justice and Right;
Death has no builder of ruin
Like the black War-Demon's blight.

Dumb be the tongue that invites him!
Curs'd be the beckoning hand!
Brand him as falsest of traitors
Who dares to bring war to our land.

— *Macfadden's Weekly.*

Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, leader of the Liberal Party in the House of Commons, in his speech on the reassembling of Parliament on the 17th of February, criticised the government for its alliance with Germany in the Venezuelan affair, and said that "if there had ever been a case for arbitration, that was one, and if this course had been adopted in the first place a great precedent would have been established toward the peaceful settlement of international questions."

New Books.

LIGHT AND SHADE FROM THE LAND OF THE MID-NIGHT SUN. By John Frederick Hanson. Oskaloosa, Iowa: Western Work Publishing Association. Cloth, 229 pages. Price, postpaid, \$1.25.

The title of this book gives little clue to its contents. It is really a history of the rise and progress of the Society of Friends in Norway. The work contains an account not only of the native Norwegian Friends, their origin and growth, their hardships under persecution from the state church and the military régime, and their heroism and enduring faith, but also a record of the labors in Norway of a number of prominent Friends from both England and the United States. J. F. Hanson, the author, is a Norwegian by birth, though an American Friend in religious faith and training. He has spent many fruitful years in religious and peace work in his native country, and writes at first hand of the Friends and their work in Scandinavia and Denmark. His treatment of the various subjects with which he deals is, therefore, both accurate and at the same time full of vividness. The book will be of interest to all who desire to know fully the history of the long struggle in many countries for religious freedom and reality, and for deliverance from the tyranny of war and militarism, from which in Norway a considerable number of young Friends have suffered severe imprisonment in recent years.

LOYAL TRAITORS. A Story of Friendship for the Filipinos. By Raymond L. Bridgman. Boston: James H. West Company. Cloth, 310 pages. Price, \$1.00, net.

One who takes up this book, with its unique and striking title, will not be apt to lay it down, except for his dinner, until he has read the last page, the last line and the last word. Perhaps we ought to except imperialists, though many of these would find the work fascinating because it states their arguments often more accurately than they could do it themselves. The book is a history in story form, — a live, powerful, intense, well worked out story — of the conflict between the Americans and the Filipinos. It is a bit newspaperiness in style, — racy, picturesque and full of snap. It unfolds the many-sided working upon different individuals of the principles, good and bad, involved in the unfortunate struggle; the division of sentiment in families, the contentions in churches, the faithlessness of many pulpits, the venality of politicians and newspapers, the brave struggle of a section of the American people to preserve the ancient principles of the republic, the defense of the rights of the Filipinos, the deeds of shame committed under the American flag, the corruptions and pollutions of war on soldiers and people, — in fact, practically every phase of the strange tragedy, which has at last closed without being ended. Mr. Bridgman has put into this terse and racy bit of fiction essentially what Mr. Boutwell, Mr. Storey, Senator Hoar and others have put into the great speeches and arguments on the subject, which have enriched the political